



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



A TRUE and FAITHFUL ⁶
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
Last Distemper
A N D
D E A T H
O F

Tom. Whigg, *Esq;*
Who departed this Life on
the 22^d Day of September last;
Anno Domini 1710.

T O G E T H E R
With a RELATION of his frequent
appearing since that Day in Town and
Country, to the great Disturbance of
Her MAJESTY's Peaceable Subjects.

Quos Jupiter vult perdere eos dementat.

Part I.

L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year 1710.

④

1. 2014-2015 - 2015

7141500

10/11/54

828

T 865

C:

28

...

• • •

•

•

..

—

•

••

English
Nobell

11-25-32

26995

A True and Faithful

A C C O U N T

OF THE

D E A T H

OF

Tom Whigg, *Esq;*

A Bout th 5th of *November* last, or
somewhat later in the Month,
sickned the illustrious Person,
whose Death we are about to relate:
His Distemper, according to the Opinion
of his first * Physician, and second best
Poet, was only an Emptiness in his Veins,
but it appear'd to be a malignant Fever

* Dr. G——th.

B

upon

upon his Spirits, which chang'd in a few Days to a Delirium or Decay in his Understanding.

The first visible Symptoms of this Disorder, were his whispering all he met with in the Ear, feeling their Pulses, counting their Noses, nodding often as he discoursed, and looking sometimes very wise, sometimes very wild; he fancy'd the World turn'd round with him, and that the REVOLUTION was just about doing the **-Somerset*.

But notwithstanding his Fever encreased, and that the Odnesses in his Behaviour were frequent enough, yet he had his lucid Intervals for several Days after, and affected of all things to pass for a *Moderate Man*. Few but his trustiest Servants and fast Friends knew the worst of his Condition, and the utmost Care was taken to conceal it from the World.

As to a Commission of Lunacy issuing against him there was not the least Dan-

* *Vide Tumblers apud Bartholomew Fair.*

ger of that; the Clerk of the Lunacies was always out of the way in the full of the Moon, and his Landlord, and his Landlord's Confessor were 'Squire *Whigg's* Bosom Friends.

He continued in this State, without any remarkable Alteration, till the fourteenth Day of *December* following, upon which unhappy Day he made such a Discovery of his Phrenzy, in a publick Place, as put it almost out of the Power of his Friends to dissemble or disguise it any longer.

He lived not far from *Westminster Abby*, within hearing of the Choir, which perhaps did not a little contribute to his Intranquillity; and nothing forsooth wou'd serve him, but mounting one of the largest of the Cannon, which are planted near that Quarter to proclaim our new enacted Laws, on a Pillar of the Cathedral, or rather indeed on the Ruines of a once noble Pillar, to shoot down a jolly Marlin that fate pruning and basking himself on the Top of *St. Mary Overey's Steeple*.

The high Crimes and Misdemeanors for which he wou'd maintain that this unlucky Bird deserv'd to be canonaded, were these :

1. That by his high Flights and piercing Eye, he had troubled and immoderately disturbed all her Majesty's *Canary* Birds in City and Borough, made them contract their golden Feathers, and clasp them in a fright to their little beating Breasts.

2. That being a Bird of Prey, and affecting so often to strut on the afore-said Steeple in his Bells and Buskins, he had fill'd Peoples Heads with ill Omens ; and suggested that Steeples with their Bells and other Appurtenances were in Danger from certain Beasts of Prey, Vultures and Vulpones.

3. That he had suggested, and maintain'd, that the Toleration of Rookeries was highly unreasonable ; that all Rooks were False Brethren ; and, that it was impossible by all the modern Arts of Cranning and Cookery to make a good Pigeon Pie of the fattest Rooks,

4. That

4. That in his high ungovern'd Flights over St. George's Fields to *Fulham*, *Putney*, *Barn-Elmes*, &c. the Criminal had * sliced immoderately on the Sign of the *Old Bishop's Head* in *Lambeth*, which no Merlin before him was ever known to do, tho' it had hung there since the Days of the good Queen *Bess*.

There hapned to be in the Company at this very time, a Man with a long Head and a short Wigg, who had a Faculty of looking wondrous grave with one Side of his Face, while he smiled perhaps with the other; His Name was *Harlequin*; He saw from the first Instant whereabouts *Tom* was, and knowing by long Observation, and by comparing Causes and Effects, that *Tom's* Fowling Piece, as he might *manage* it, wou'd probably recoil, and hit him a Devilish Bang on the Cheek or Chest; whether purely to make Sport, or because he lov'd a little Mischief in his

* A Term in Hawking to signifie Egestion.

Heart; he was resolv'd that *Tom* shou'd for once have his own way, in spite of those in the Company, who by their Frowns, French Shrugs, turning up their Eyeballs, Laughing, Lolling out the Tongue, and such like Muscular Arguments, which work powerfully upon the Machine, had well nigh constrain'd him to drop his Cannon.

Honest Tom, said he aside, *shall have his own Will, in spite of you all. It's but my dissuading him from it, by the best Reasons in the World, and in the friendliest manner, and the Work's done. This is a way that never fail'd me yet, for Tom was ever an Opiniatre and a Hobbist, as to me, before he was stark mad.*

With that he stood up in his Place, and bending his grave Side Face towards the 'Squire as if he had an important Secret to whisper him; The Life or Death, Sir, said he, of a single Merlin is a thing much beneath the immediate Notice of so great a Person as your Worship; And the World will condemn a Proceeding of this extraordinary

nary Nature against a feather'd Fowl, as highly unworthy the Wisdom of such a *Solon*, such an *Algernon* as you.

There are ordinary and adequate ways enough of bringing such little Fellows as the Merlin to Justice ; the Noose, the Net, the Cross-Bow, the Potgun, the Birdlime, nay I had almost said the Cobweb ; and 'tis the Part of every wise Agent to proportion the Means to the End, and not multiply Causes without Necessity.

Consider, Sir, there may be more time, and Powder, and Ball spent, before you can touch a Feather of the Merlin, than wou'd serve to reduce *Dunkirk* with all its Chain of Bastions and Ravelins : And shou'd this Object of your Wrath after all, as it is not improbable, escape untouched : Farewel the Dread of a Cannon, the largest Culverin will ever after be a *Brutum Fulmen* in your Hands ; the Scorn of Merlins, Magpies, and every other kind of Volatile, except perhaps the Bat in the Fable.

Mean time the Steeple, on which the Merlin stands, will be thought in no small Danger from your random Shots.

The Force of these Reasons determin'd him in his first Design; The Insolence of an Enemy, in approaching him with so much good Advice, Suspicion, dark Distrust, and Pride the Parent of Phrenzy, working all at once in his troubled Soul, heightened every Pulse about him, and encreased the hurry upon his Spirits.

He forthwith dispatch'd his Orders for drawing up the Canon, and planting it on the aforesaid Pillar of the Cathedral, sustain'd by fourteen smaller Columns after the Gothick Order; then rising from his Chair, and passing along with no small Satisfaction thro' an applauding City, and Crowds, as he thought, of admiring Friends, he whisper'd all he met with, from the *Palace-Yard-Gate* to the *Royal Exchange*, *We'll roast the Merlin; We'll roast the Merlin.*

An

An unexpected Averseness in an Idol he had worship'd of old, and to whom he had ascribed all Power. Unheard of Prodiges: The hollowing of Boys at his Worship's Heels; the appearing of a Sea-God in *Cheapside*, and his being seiz'd by a Press-Gang; the Blaze of a Phantastical Pulpit struck him with Amazement, and completed his Distraction; so that from henceforward he had not the least Interval of cool Thought.

He rav'd continually of the Merlin; He stood up upon the Bulks in *Westminster-Hall*, and speech'd against him from Morning till Night; sometimes with an antick Coife on his Head; sometimes with a fine white Wand held decently between the Fore-finger and Thumb of the right Hand to help his Action, and point his Periods; sometimes with a General's Battoon grasped in his victorious Hand, and press'd with a Martial Air to the left Lobe of his Liver. He quoted *Grotius*, he quoted the Law-Books, he quoted *Tully*, and the Reverend the Dean of *Carlisle*.

Hollow, Hollow Boys, replied the staring Populace; God bless the Merlin and the Steeple, the Q——n, and the Merlin, the Steeple and the Q——n, the Merlin, the Steeple and the Queen, was all that ecchoed to his almost deafned Ears, and help'd not a little to make him giddy.

As Sparks which from the labour'd Anvil fly, and seem as Sun-beams bright, extinguish in the twinkling of the Eye, their fervent Heat instantly dyes, they fall to Mother Earth mixing with Dross and Cinder, and *Caput mortuum*; so flew his Words, so fell they to the Ground, nor left the least Impression.

Mean time the Vehemence with which he spake, Want of Sleep for Twenty three Nights together, Heats and Colds contracted by toiling at the Battery for as many Days, wasted his Spirits, and fatigued him to a Degree wou'd have made any evil Genius but his relent. The bold Colours, the swollen Lines and Muscles in his Face were quite sunk away; he look'd pale and ghastly as any Calf's Head, and was grown hoarse as a Sow-gelder's Horn.

The

The only Signs of Distraction now about him, were his walking by all Mankind as if they were so many Trees, making up his Mouth as if he were going to whistle, and spitting always in a straight Line.

A great Lady in the Neighbourhood who heard of *Tom's* Misfortune, and had even been an Eye-witness to some of his mad Pranks, was mov'd with Compassion, and order'd several of her ablest Physicians to attend him, and, if possible, restore him to his Health and Senses. *Tom* had been her Servant for some Years in several Capacities; but what he valued himself upon most, was a Knack he had beyond any Man alive of Stuffing the Pannels of her Saddle, for *Tom*, as I have often heard, was descended from a Saddler, so that tho' he was grown insupportably insolent, as most Servants are apt to be when they have gotten much Wealth in a Family, yet the good Lady wou'd still overlook his Faults, and be at any Expence for his Cure.

According to Orders the Physicians met; they felt his Pulse, and examin'd his Urine, and then retired as usual to a Consultation. Is it certain, said one of them, that the King of *Sweden* has lost his Leg? That I can't tell said another: but by the shooting of my Corn I perceive we shall have change of Weather: Come, come, Gentlemen, it's past twelve a Clock with some Folks, quoth a Third.

With that it was agreed that the Cause of *Tom's* Distemper was a Worm of the gentle * pale Complexion, which breeding at the root of one of his Eye-Teeth penetrated the Cranium, consumed the Pulp of his Brain, and confounded the Images of things there: The Colour, Shape, and Motion of this Worm, as appear'd from several Anatomies of the Brain, exactly resembled that of the well-known Insect which lurks in the Philbut or common Nut, and often cause sudden Disorders in young Persons who

* Vid. Tatler Numb.

despise the use of the Nut-cracker. The best Remedy therefore that they cou'd think of was to remove the Cause, by ordering the Tooth to be immediately drawn, and the Part kept clean with a Gargle of Sage and Hellebore.

By some unaccountable Instinct peculiar to Madmen, *Tam* divin'd the Result of this Consultation: He took it as the Sentence of his Death, and trembled every Atom of him. As he had ever been a noted Epicure, and lov'd only *Himself*, and within this Compass loved those Parts most which ministered most to his Pleasures, it hapned that he lov'd his Teeth dearer than his very Eyes; and as a Mark of his Preference had given every Tooth in his Head, the Name of some Favourite famous in Story or Fable: To one he gave the Name *Hephestion*, to another, that of *Antinous*, a third he call'd *Ganymed*, a fourth *K——l*, and so on; The Name of the Eye-Tooth now to be drawn, was that of *Hugo le Spencer* the Son. To say the truth, his Teeth deserv'd not a little at his

his Hands, for tho' they were black as Mercury usually makes Teeth, yet they were closely joyned, were firm enough in their Sockets, and had never pain'd him.

The appointed Hour for the Operation being come, there was a great Concourse of those Licentiates who are distinguish'd from other Doctors by Shoulder-belts inlaid with the Spoils of humane Gums. Their Numbers and dismal Faces awed the Patient. He seated himself readily in a Chair that fronted the Light, with an Air in his Looks that had a mixture in it of Fear and seeming Fortitude. The Chief of the Fraternity mov'd up to him a Tiptoe, and stealing his Instrument to the Part, after two or three stout Tugs brought away the Tooth, Rags of trembling Flesh, and those *Stamina* dangling at the Root and Prongs of it, which preserve the Animal Body from Dissolution.

The Acuteness of the Pain stunn'd him: He sat forward in his Chair for about a Minute, dripping his Juices and grinding his Teeth in Blood; then starting
ing

ing from his Chair, and staring about in a Rage for his Murderer, he drew in his full Complement of Breath all at once, and discharged it in so hideous a yell as never before proceeded from humane Lungs. A yell that will ever be famous in Story, as long as *British Annals* last. It was heard all over *Holland, France, Spain, and part of Italy, Germany, Silesia, Sweden, Denmark, &c.* and had like to have done Mischief in most parts. In *Piemont* it disturb'd the most serene Family of *Savoy* which lay sick of a Tertian at the Vener; at *Hannover* it broke the Drum of Sir R—d G—n's Ear; but in *Holland*, which lies nearer, its Effects were much more considerable.

It happen'd that the chief Physician of the States, at the Moment that this Hellish Scream reach'd *Amsterdam*, was sitting with Mr. Pet——um and Monsieur B——ys, two whom the Squire fancy'd his fast Friends and Admirers, but who in reality laugh'd at his Vanity, and pitied his Weakness; they were eating a Herring soberly, and had
a Bot-

A Bottle of *Brunswick* Mum upon the Table; the clap of six Barges of Gunpowder, blown up this Season in the River *Lys*, did not stun the neighb'ring Peasant half so much as this monstrous yell shoek'd those three good Men; they stood hush for a while, list'ning from what Quarter of the World the Sound shou'd come, or what cou'd be the meaning of it.

At length, when their Consternation was a little over, said the Physician, addressing himself to the other two, Whoever the Wretch be that has startled the World with such a Skream, I dare give it under my Hand he has added to his Misfortunes, and got a Rupture by the Bargain, that all the Trusses in *Goodmans Fields* wo'n't be able to keep up (for I now know from what Quarter it comes) If the Violence of a hooping Cough can cause a Rupture, what may not one justly dread from such an Explosion of Wind and Vapour? But hold, Sirs! Methinks I shou'd know the Skream, I have heard something like it before now. O pox! It's that Hounsfoot *Tont Whigg*,
a Son

A Son of a—! He'll skream to be heard from *London* to *Geneva*, when he's no more hurt than I am this Minute. Besides, I have heard something as if his Brain had been touched a little of late; and the Truth is, his Imagination was always disturb'd and irregular, ever since I knew him.

I'll tell you an odd Passage of *Tom*, He and I lay one Night in the Royal Bagnio, in a Street call'd *Long-acre* in *London*; our Rooms hapned to join; the heat of the Stove, and his late Supper, had probably raised the Vapours in him more than ordinary; but towards the dead of Night he began to bellow so loud, and so very like a Bull, that the whole Bagnio, and the Neighbourhood round, were raised by him: They who were the most frightened, and were got into a new Sweat, thinking that a mad Bull had really forc'd in among them, cou'd hardly forbear laughing at the oddness of the Accident. I waked him, much ado, after I had called out *Tom*,

D

Tom

Tom Whigg, for about a quarter of an Hour.

What's the matter, Doctor, said he?

Why, what the pox, answer'd I, is the matter with you? Are you transform'd into a Bull?

No, Gad, replied he, I feel no Horns in my Forehead, but since you are such a Witch, and know something of the matter, I'll freely confess to you, that I dream'd I was gotten into *Phalaris's* Bull, that the Faggots were laid to, and began to blaze under his Belly, and then perhaps I bellow'd like a Bull, fancying that my Cries passing thro' the red hot Organs of the terrible Figure, might make just such an Effect as the Beast itself.

I shou'd rather think, said I, that you dream'd you were turn'd into a Bull, and expos'd at a *Toro* or Bull-Feast, to entertain King *Charles* upon his Entrance into *Madrid*. Have a care of that, my good Friend, says he, *Soft and fair goes far*; I don't know what you and your wife Heads o' t'other side the Water may dream

dream of, but for our part we don't design he shall come so soon to *Madrid*. Very well, said I, but tell me pray what did you observe in *Phalaris's Bull*? What Mettal was it made of? Exactly of the same Mettal, answered he, as the Horse at *Charing-Cross*, but much more like the Horse at *Stocks-Market*. Lord deliver us, added he, from Popery and Arbitrary Power!

Another time we travell'd together from *England* to *Holland*; we lay some time at *Harmwich* for a Wind, and here again our Chambers in the Inn hapned to join; this was about eight Years ago. In the Night he skream'd much as you have heard him now; he made the good Woman of the House miscarry, and set all the Dogs in the Town a yowling. I waked him, and asked what possess'd him to roar so loud? Why I dream'd, said he, that such a one, naming a very great Man in the Ministry, was drawing a Wooden Shoe on my Foot, and as he was straining it on, and rubbing off my Flesh from the Bone, (which made me

skream as you have heard) wou'd swear, as your Shoemakers are apt to do, that it did not pinch me in the least. That's all, Sir, said he, and so good Night.

But after all, perhaps something extraordinary is the matter with *Tom* at this time; if so, I shall soon hear from him, and be it as it will, I'll make my old Friend one Visit; to do him Justice *Tom* is a generous Patient, aile or aile not *Tom* pays well.

As the Doctor judg'd, so the Distemper work'd; early next Morning arrived an Express. He conjur'd him to come away that Instant, as he valued the preciouslest Life in the World; Mr. *Whigg*, said he, is in the last Agonies. Keep your Temper, good Sir, answer'd the Doctor, and let Nature work, Mr. *Whigg* will do very well; fear it not. But tell me, what pray was the Occasion of that hideous yell, which reach'd us here Yesterday? The drawing of a Tooth, of an Eye-Tooth, Sir, replied the Express. I guess'd some such thing, said the Doctor, keeping his Countenance, and sett'ling his Chain and Medal

dal, as he step'd abroad; I'll return, continued he, before it's high Water, and we'll embark.

Accordingly, after he had laugh'd for half an Hour with Mr. Pet——um and Mr. B——ys, at the Adventure of the *Eye-tooth*, and things coming to pass just as they divin'd the Day before, he rejoyn'd the Express by a backway, as he was walking impatiently before towards the Port. They immediately set Sail with a strong Gale, at *North East*, and by ten that Night arriv'd at *Tom Whigg's* Palace.

The Doctor was surprized at the lowness of *Tom's* Pulse, but he was quite confounded at the loss of his Reason. If he ask'd him the usual Questions, How did you rest last Night? O *Aurelia*! cry'd he, in a languishing Voice, O *Aurelia*! So he used to call the great Lady. Have you an Appetite for any one thing more than another? *Hugo le de Spencer*, reply'd he: The Names of those Objects which had struck his Imagination deepest; utter'd at Random, and in a raving way, were

were all the Return he made to the skillfullest Enquiries.

By the way, the Doctor was a Physician of the first Form, who never receiv'd his Informations from a second Hand; never consulted with others of his own Profession; so that where the Patient was under an Incapacity of explaining his Case himself, the Doctor's way was to trust entirely to the force of his own Genius.

Accordingly remembring that when he ask'd him how he rested, the Patient answer'd, *Aurelia* : He concluded that a violent Passion for the Divine *Aurelia* was the Cause of his Disorder. He was confirm'd in his Opinion by the drawing of *Tom's* Tooth, which he ascribed, as any one wou'd have done, to a Paroxysm of the Tooth-ach, that old and infallible Sign of Love.

Without more Ceremony he waits upon the Lady, informs her of the Discovery he had made, represents his Patient as the richest Man in the World; and being of a Country where the Distin-
ctions

tions of Blood and Rank are after this but little consider'd, recommends him most earnestly to her as a faithful Companion for Life: Or, in case she cou'd not Consent to this, that at least she wou'd, by some way or other, prevent the drawing any more of his Teeth.

If his Distemper be as you represent, answer'd the Divine *Aurelia*, you meddle, Sir, with Matters somewhat out of your Sphere, according to that ancient Saying,

Where Love's in the Case

The Doctor's an Ass.

She curtsy'd, and turn'd her Head aside.

The good Man understood *English*, and bowing his Body about two Foot lower than he us'd to do, retir'd from her Presence in some Precipitation, meditating a speedy Return into his own Country, if peradventure it shou'd be his good Fortune to get off this Scrape in a whole Skin. He just call'd upon Mr. *Whigg*, felt his Pulse for form's sake, and telling those about him that the *Squire* was not a Man for this Sublunary
 2 World,

World; he took as it hapned his last Leave of him.

As he hastned along *Cheapside* by the Passage which leads to *Grocer's Hall*, there met him a Person in a dark full bottom Wig, of a tall Stature and manly Countenance; he slip'd a Bill into the Doctor's Hand for a considerable Sum, and pass'd on without taking farther notice of him. There walk'd by his side a dapper young Gentleman of low Stature whom the Doctor fancy'd he had seen before, and whom, notwithstanding the Alteration in his Dress, he knew upon second Thoughts to be the same that came express for him to *Holland*.

But the Doctor at Parting gave not the least hopes of *Tom's* Recovery; yet judging from a Tenderness in the fair Sex, from a conscious worth in himself, and the constant Success of his Counsels which were generally understood as Commands; he imagin'd that *Aurelia* wou'd think again of the matter, and at least take care that *Tom* shou'd not be pull'd to Pieces by Tooth-Drawers.

He

He flatter'd himself agreeably with these hopes for a considerable time after, when unluckily another Express arriv'd to let him know that the same Assassines who had drawn Mr. *Whigg's* beloved Eye-Tooth about a Month before, were return'd unexpectedly, and demanding the largest Grinder in his Head, had wrench'd it in an instant from it's Place, that almost all the other Teeth in the same Jaw were loosen'd by the Breach, some dropping out of themselves, others coming away with the least touch, and those which still appear'd in their Places being of as little use as if they were so many false Teeth.

I thought so much, answer'd the Doctor; it's just as I expected: Your *English* Physicians mistook his Distemper all along, and took wrong Methods; they have perfectly murder'd the Gentleman: Mr. *Whigg* is a lost Man, and for my Part, I wash my Hands of him from this Moment: However, if he lives till you go back, carry him this Piece of Coral from me, and advise him to rub his Gums with it; for I had it, said he, from

the Great *Cham* of *Tartary*; it has a sovereign Vertue towards breeding young Teeth.

In the mean time, *Tom Whigg*, to the exceeding Surprize of all the World, recover'd his perfect Senses, and became a very sober Man. The drawing of this Jaw-Tooth which he call'd his *Prime Visier*, and loosning so many others about it, brought away an incredible Quantity of Humors from his Glands, and serv'd to purge his Head better than a hundred Papers of Dr. *Tyson's* Snuffe. After a Day or two's Salivation, he fell into a deep Sleep for sixteen Hours in a stretch, and waked with a Sigh the most composed, and really the most moderate Man alive. He had probably forgot the particular Follies he had been guilty of; but by some Questions that he ask'd, and a Look of Shame and Bashfulness in his Countenance, it appear'd that he was sensible in general of his late frantick Behaviour. When he had well recollected himself, he order'd that no Soul shou'd be admitted, nor any Messages brought him, till further Orders. He lay in his
Bed

Bed from Morning till Night, resting,
his Cheek on his feeble Arm; and
now and then fetching a deep Sigh from
the bottom of his Heart, was heard to
hum those Words in the Song,

*'Twas Pride hot as Hell
That first made me rebell,*

*Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I
was well.*

All his Amusement in this Interval was
reading the publick Papers, especially
Bickerstaff's Tatlers. One Day, as he
took that of Number — which contains,
if I mistake not, *Pasquin's* Letter, it
gave his Spirits such a Spring of Joy,
that forgetting himself and his late Cir-
cumstances, he call'd, in the best humour
in the World, for his Night-Gown, de-
signing to dress and go abroad to the
Chocolate-House, till he was oblig'd to
change his Mind, upon finding that he
had not strength to rise out of his Bed,
or stand upon his Feet.

For, as in complicated Cases, that which relieves one Distemper, very often discloses, or increases another; so it hapned that the Recovery of Mr. *Whigg's* Senses, overwhelm'd him with a deep Melancholy, which join'd to too long Abstinence and Change of Diet, brought on first the yellow, and after that the black Jaundice; a Distemper hereditary to the Family of the *Whiggs*, and ever fatal to them.

While Matters were in this Situation, the Report was spread about the Town, that Mr. *Whigg* was restor'd to his perfect Senses, and various Reflections were made upon it by the Populace, according to the various Affections and Interests of Persons: Some said it was only a Lightning before Death, a certain Sign of his near approaching Dissolution: Others observ'd what a Mercy it was that so great a Sinner and Gamester shou'd be restor'd to the use of his Reason in his last Moments, and have an Opportunity of paying poor Tradesmen their just Debt before he dyed. The Great, for the most

Part, sent their Footmen, or call'd themselves in their Coaches to know how he did; but without once mentioning a Word of the Loss or Recovery of his Senses. Many were mov'd to this, out of fear that the Dog, as they call him, shou'd live after all, and recover his former State of Health. Others, out of Interest; few or none out of a Principle of Love, but much the greater Number from an unaccountable Weakness, commonly call'd good Nature, which wou'd not have him either live or dye. The Porter took down their Names promiscuously, and sent them up every Night to his Master, as he had newly given Orders.

In the looking over this List, *Sir Thomas Double* was more taken notice of than any one else, because his Name was not found in it. He was told, it seems by the chief Physician that *Tom's* Case was desperate; and being assured of this, there was no Principle left either of Fear or Interest to make him express any Solitude or Concern for the Man: As indeed there never had been any either of
good